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Judge

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A HELPING HAND.

(AFTER A POPULAR PRINT.)

Judge

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MR. CLEVELAND to the immigrants—"You are not good-looking, but you can come in."

* * *

WE HAVE SAID quite frequently that St. Louis is a better town for grand opera than Chicago.

* * *

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER who gets whipped should do his fighting after that event solely by arbitration.

* * *

JOHN HAY occupies the larger breeches originally cut out for Chauncey M. Depew, and if he isn't careful he'll get lost.

* * *

IT COSTS this country two thousand dollars a month to keep Sam Jones going. Would he consent to be pensioned off for the same money?

* * *

"GOD KNOWS," says Senator Tillman, "I have vitriol enough in me now." The gentleman flatters himself. It is impossible to believe that God ever heard of him.

* * *

THE LEGISLATURE of Illinois talks of passing the ten commandments as a part of the law of the state. Why not make laws, as well, of Watts's hymns and the doxology?

* * *

A LEGISLATOR of Oklahoma claims attention for a bill against pointed shoes and flashy neckties. This country is fearfully and wonderfully governed even if we leave our own legislature out.

* * *

IN COLORADO a woman superintendent of schools has refused a principal's certificate to a man merely because he smokes. Seems to us this is too mild. Why doesn't she hang the rascal?

* * *

A DAUGHTER of Mrs. Langtry who will go on the stage is said to be "a second edition of her mother." We don't see how there could be more advertising within the same space.

* * *

"THIS ASSASSINATION has gone far enough," said Horace Porter on one occasion to General Grant. "Let us invite Robert E. Lee to a public dinner and settle the thing there. I'll make the opening speech myself."

* * *

"WHEN THE ALDINE CLUB was opened," says a writer for the *Critic*, "it used to be a favorite joke," etc. The paper and the writer that are guilty of such down-at-the-heel English as that ought to be spanked to death with their own slippers.

* * *

IT SEEMS STRANGE that any reasonable request made by Chauncey M. Depew of the Republican party should have been denied, particularly as in every instance he confers more glory on the party than it can possibly confer on him; but it is scriptural prophecy that the First shall be last.

CASTE.

MR. ELEPHANT—"Why have all the other animals in the zoo ostracized Leo the lion?"
MRS. RHINOCEROS—"His parentage is doubtful."
MR. ELEPHANT—"Doubtful?"
MRS. RHINOCEROS—"Certainly. He has four paws."

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION.

TWO PAPERS in this town have been edited for a considerable period by prize-fighters; and it will not be long before those noble gentlemen will put in claims for the lecture platform, and perhaps the pulpit. We are living, we are moving, in a grand and awful time.

THE PROGRESSIVE GIRL.

MRS. IRVINE of Wellesley college, in a lecture at Cornell, said she noticed that girl-graduates had the same willingness to step up and take charge of the universe that boy-graduates had. Self-confidence is a grand thing. No pent-up Ithaca controls its powers. There is nothing that it cannot do—until it tries.

CAPITOLS BUILT BY THIEVES.

TWENTY YEARS and twenty million dollars have not sufficed to finish the capitol at Albany. Governor Black says it will be completed during his term, but there are no miracles at this period. They are contemplating a new capitol at Harrisburg. If the methods of this state are adopted by Pennsylvania another century will go by before it will be completed and the state may go bankrupt a dozen times.

TWO EXTREMES.

THERE IS A KIND of old journalism which watches to see what current topic is most interesting to the majority, for the sole purpose of omitting it from its news and its editorial discussion. It is a daily rebuke of pardonable curiosity, and it nurses its egotism to the disappointment of most of its readers. As between its extreme and that of the new journalism it is to be congratulated; but the journal that omits news is not a newspaper.

SUPPRESS HER!

THE POOR GIRL who is serving three months in a New Jersey jail, for having whipped two men who had attacked her papa, is doubtless getting no more than she deserves. In these days no man is safe from the brutality of the existing woman. That person prevents the laying of wires on her premises, wants to fight prize-fights, whips burglars, abuses her husband, sweeps streets, saws wood for objects of charity, lectures, and contemplates piracy on the high seas.

LAW-MAKING BUSY-BODIES.

THE MAN of the Michigan legislature who proposes to tax bachelors is considering the propriety of taxing old maids and of exempting such bachelors as have tried to marry and failed. He wants to be just, and doesn't know how to get at it. The main thing, however, is to get a tax somehow on somebody; and he would do better if he put a tax on the impatience of the public with law-makers who happen to be fools. From that source the state would get a large revenue.

OUR FRIGHTFUL BANQUETS.

A FRENCHMAN who has written a book about us is principally amazed at the number of public and private banquets that seem to be necessary and from which we so surprisingly recover. He states the obvious fact that they are excessively painful to the speech-makers, and intimates that a merciful God must have in charge those of the listeners who survive. But of course he doesn't know what he is talking about. If he had had the necessary experience he couldn't have postponed his funeral long enough to make the criticism.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

PINGREE wants millionaires prohibited by law from salving their consciences by giving large sums of money to churches and charities. The good man would thereby punish, not the unfortunate millionaires, but the objects of their benevolence, and that wouldn't do at all. Colonel Ingersoll presents the better plan of obliging the unhappy rich men to disburse their surplus by dividing it up among the workers who earned it for them. But we must not forget the plan of John Most, who proposes that all large sums shall be distributed in payment of the beer so sorely needed by the struggling millions.

WHY HE CONTRIBUTED.

REVEREND GOODMAN (*to chief highwayman*)—"Brother, thy face is familiar. Are you not the gentleman who at the revival last night contributed fifty dollars for the amelioration of the heathen?"

HIGHWAYMAN—"Wa-al, ef I did I didn' know it. I thought you said thet ther contributions las' night wuz fer spreadin' ther gospel in foreign lands, an' that's whar I prefer ter hev it spread; ther's too blame much uv it spread aroun' this section now ter suit me. Savvy?"

MISS MARY ELLEN EASTSIDE AND GEORGE'S PREDECESSORS.

I GOT very tired of th' salvation army. Ma didn't; she goes there yet. Seemed t' me 't every feller from there 't showed me any attention gloried in tellin' how bad he'd been. Th' badder th' better. They'd get up in meetin' an' tell how they'd got drunk, an' fought, an' lied, an' stole, an' committed bigamy an' every other crime known t' ther perleece; an' when they come shinnin' roun' me I'd give 'em th' g. b. Ma thought I ought not t' done that. She thought I ought t' 've encouraged 'em t' lead a better life. But I says t' ma, "I ain't no male reformatory. Not much! Th' feller 't wants me 's got t' have somethin' t' offer me besides th' ragged ends of a misspent life." An' I stuck to it.

The first beau 't I had 't was any account was Elam Horner. He was thirty years old an' a clerk in a railroad office on a salary of twelve dollars a week. But I never had no luck with him. I was always steppin' on his corns. One time he brought his autygraph-album for me t' write in, an' when we was lookin' it over we come acrost a piece in th' awfullest writin'! Regular hen-scratches. I couldn't make out th' name, but I managed t' guess out th' rest—"A place for everything and everything in its place." "Well!" I says, "I shouldn't think an album was any place for such writin' as that."

"That's my dear old father's writin', Miss Eastside," he says, "an' he died last month."

After that one night we had a candy-pull, an' I come up t' Elam with a hunk o' soft candy 't I was pullin'—'bout as big as my arm—an' told him t' take a bite, an' jest as soon as he set his teeth inter it (Miss Smart Aleck that I was!) I give th' candy a yank an' pulled his false teeth out.

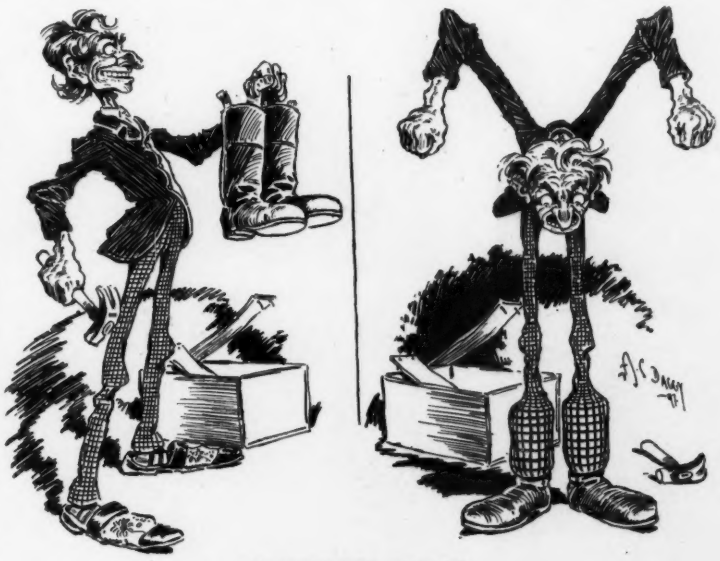
I didn't see much of Elam after that for a long while; an' I heard 't he'd gone t' Harlem t' live an' was payin' attention t' a red-headed school-marm. One day about a year ago I got into a Third-avenue car, an' th' man 't got up t' give me a seat was Elam. After we'd shook hands I was a little bit flustrated, an' I says, "How's your red-headed school-marm, Mr. Horner?" An' he laughed good-natured like an' says, "Oh, she's all right, I guess. Turn round an' I'll interduce you to her." An' he turned t' a red-haired lady in spectacles sittin' next me, an' he says, "Bessie, this is Miss Eastside, 't you've heard me speak of. This is my wife, Miss Eastside."

Didn't I expect t' get th' frozen face from her though? But I didn't. She's awful old—as much as twenty-seven or eight; but she's real pleasant. An' next Sunday George an' me 's goin' to visit 'em over t' Bayonne.

MADELINE ORVIS.

HE WAS EXTREMELY HAPPY.
And yet he had the blues.

THE CORRECT THING.
The Turkish cigarette smoking-room at the Johnnies club.



CHANGE OF HEART.

YOUNG SLIMJIM—"Dear old parent! he sends me a fine pair of boots for my birthday."

YOUNG SLIMJIM (*a few moments later*)—"Blankety blank, stupid old ignoramus.——!——!——!——!"

Photo. by Falk.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MARIE SHOTWELL.

When of Marie I'm fondly dreaming,
I find myself a bit perplexed;
And wonder, with her various seeming,
What she is now? What she'll be next?
Well, here's to all her rôles together!—
Like all sweet moods of April weather.

A FORECAST.

FOR Lettice, who is only nine,
Life still holds much of newness,
And dates in rubrics bright that shine
She finds of all-too-fewness.
So April first must needs run through
From blustrous March till May-day
That she, our queen, turned jester, too,
May have a month of hey-day.
Housed by the season's frequent rains
Is 't very strange she rules us,
Or that we take the greatest pains
To make her think she fools us?

A decade hence, we both foresee,
Time will have changed things greatly,
For Letty has unfilially
Essayed to fool us lately
In little things, alas! that were
Not food for April-jesting.
(Both grandmammas, of course, declare
We've spoilt her!—case is resting.)
Then, our concern will be to plan,
Should such a need aggrieve us,
To make her think, not that she *can*,
But that she *can't*, deceive us.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

HE RAN A LOAN-OFFICE.

MR. ROSENBAUM—"I vos subbrised, Mr. Ikenstein, to see you in der Saind Padrig's-day parade."

MR. IKENSTEIN—"Dot's all righd! I hadt to turn oud mit mine relazhions, didn'd I?"

MR. ROSENBAUM—"Your relazhions?"

MR. IKENSTEIN—"Cerdainly! I vos der ungle of halluf der parade."

HAD DONE HIS SHARE.

THE only people who are positive they are fitted to bring up children in the way they should go are very old gentlemen and maiden ladies.

An amusing little scene, in which the "helpful old gentleman" figured, occurred the other day at the Grand Central station. Quite a family party were assembled, of the class that believe in making the most of a free country, to await the arrival of an expected guest. Children were there galore, playing tag around the old gentleman's feet, falling periodically over his canvas-bag, squealing wildly as they ran into passengers, and retreating in heaps as a "cop" approached.

The "helpful old man" stood it as long as he could conscientiously—then, looking over his spectacles, said severely, "Stop that racket—you children!"

"Well, I like that," answered one of the mothers in a loud, angry tone.

But if she did the old gentleman didn't, and faced the woman as he continued,

JUVENILE THEORY.

SCHOOL-TEACHER—"And now, James, do you know the significance of the weeping willow we have been reading of?"

JIMMY—"Yessum; we've got a tree in our yard, an' me father makes me weep wid de branches of it when I need a lickin', mum."

HE WOULD RECOVER.

MRS. GAYBURDD (*whose husband is ill from drink*)—"Well, doctor—tell me the worst."

DOCTOR DOSEM—"Well, madam—he will recover."

"Now look here, madam; I've raised three families of children, and not a single child was ever allowed to annoy my neighbors."

"Well," replied the irate lady, "if you've raised three families you've certainly done your duty, and I'll thank you to allow me to raise mine."

HER PLEADING.

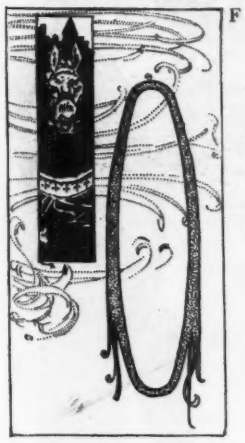
"IF IN your manly heart you still retain,
Aye, just one thought of your once cherished Stella,
Recall the past—and ere another rain
Please to return my borrowed silk umbrella." A. M. T.

THE CRUCIAL TEST.

He—"Why shouldn't we be happy together? Our tastes are similar, our friends the same, and—and—we ride the same make of wheel too."

She—"Yes, but what make of saddle do you use?"

THE BELLS OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

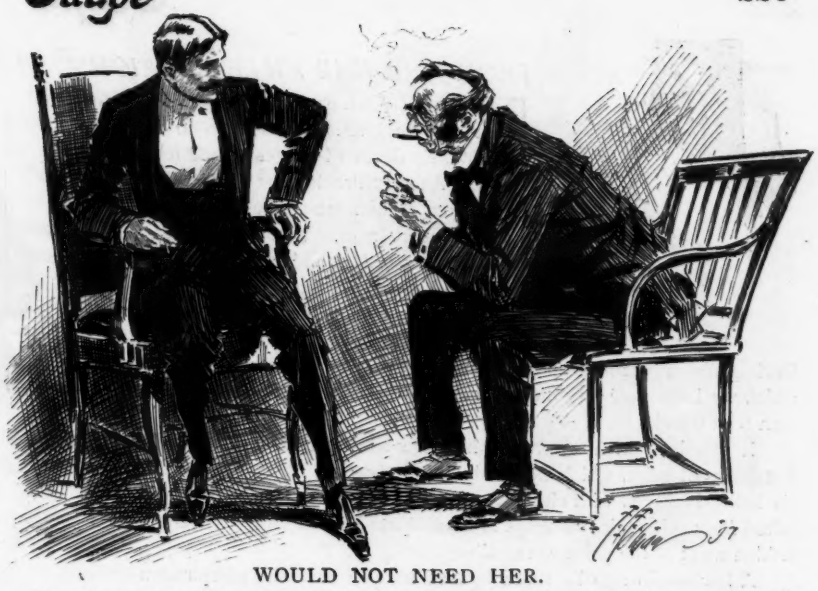


F EVE the orange-groves are just aware.
How tenderly the twilight soothes to rest
The tinkling mandolin, the song, the jest,
And bids all day-time sound its stillness share—
The bells of San Sebastian call to prayer.

Through purple-shadowed, poppy-laden air
Come vesper chimes of wondrous wooing art
That fall like dew of Eden on the heart,
The anodyne for pain and deep despair—
The bells of San Sebastian call to prayer.

By palm-set, silver sea—would I were there!—
Ring, echoes, ring! You fill my soul with peace.
Swing, memory bells! swing on and never cease.
And, angel of my dreams, oh, waft me where
The bells of San Sebastian call to prayer.

CLARENCE URMY.



WOULD NOT NEED HER.

OLD MILLYUNS—"You want my daughter, do you? Tell me the winner of the Suburban race and you may have her."

JACK PLUNGER—"Hum! If I knew that I wouldn't want her."

REASON ENOUGH.

"WHY did you break off your engagement with Jim?" asked Nellye of Mae.

"He got to signing his love-letters 'Jyme,'" replied Mae.

VAIN MORTALS.

THOUGH we're supposed the dunce's cap
To leave behind at school,
Long as we live, by strange mishap,
We wear thy cap, oh, fool!

HE SANG FOR HIS SUPPER.

She (during the bad quarter of an hour before dinner)—"Sing something for me; do."

Mr. Famish—"Certainly; with pleasure. (Sings.) 'Oh, I want you, mahogany! I want you, want you, want you! Oh, I want you, mahogany—yes, I do!'"

WHY HE WAS NOT PRESENT.

HYMN-SINGING HANK (*pastor of Lone Gulch chapel*)—"I fail ter see Red-nosed Mike in this congregation. Did he fall from grace durin' my absence las' week?"

BRONCO DAVE (*volunteering information*)—"No; he got too previous an' fell off'n a bar'l with a rope roun' his neck."

THE LIKENESS.

"WHY is the king of Greece like the devil?"

"Because he is known as 'his Hellenic majesty.'"

HUNTING.

I'VE a mania for hunting. I've hunted the hare,
I've hunted the lion, the tiger, the bear,
The elephant, ostrich, the what-you-may-call,
But hunting a house is the hardest of all.

THE SAFER KIND.

EDNA wants a baby-brother. "A baby would be so nice to wheel around in a carriage, mamma. Dolls are always getting broken when the carriage tips over."

1. HIS WAY OUT OF IT.

IRISH TOURIST—"Fer hivin's sake, hilp! Oi've bin toied up an' robbed."

MIKE (*the wood-cutter*)—"Oi've no knoife t' cut th' rope, but Oi'll fix yez wid th' axe."

SAFE ENOUGH.

Reporter—"The lookout at Fire island reports a big steamer in trouble, but he can't make out the name."

City editor—"All right. Be on the safe side and say 'Another United States war-vessel aground.'"

A MALAPROP.

Miss Windstraw—"What a wheezy, pinched little thing that baby of Mrs. Puffproud is, to be sure!"

Mrs. Blazer (contemptuously)—"Yes; and to hear her talk you'd think she had a progeny."

SURE.

Bobby—"Pa, what is an heir-at-law?"

Pa—"Usually the lawyer, Bobby."

2. HIS WAY OUT OF IT.

MIKE—"Shure, now, whin we git t' th' sittlemint, about wan moile beyant, Oi'll git a knoife an' cut yez loose."

FROM THE *HAWVILLE CLARION.*

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, we are for the second time called upon to chronicle the untimely death of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Azberry Pritchett.

As our readers are aware, Mr. Pritchett was a very peculiar man. At one time, late in the fall, he conceived the idea that his nose was made of glass, and during the whole of the subsequent winter he steadfastly refrained from going out of doors for fear the cold would crack it. During the succeeding spring—following out a peculiar line of reasoning which we have now forgotten—he strapped on a tin bill and went to picking corn with the chickens.

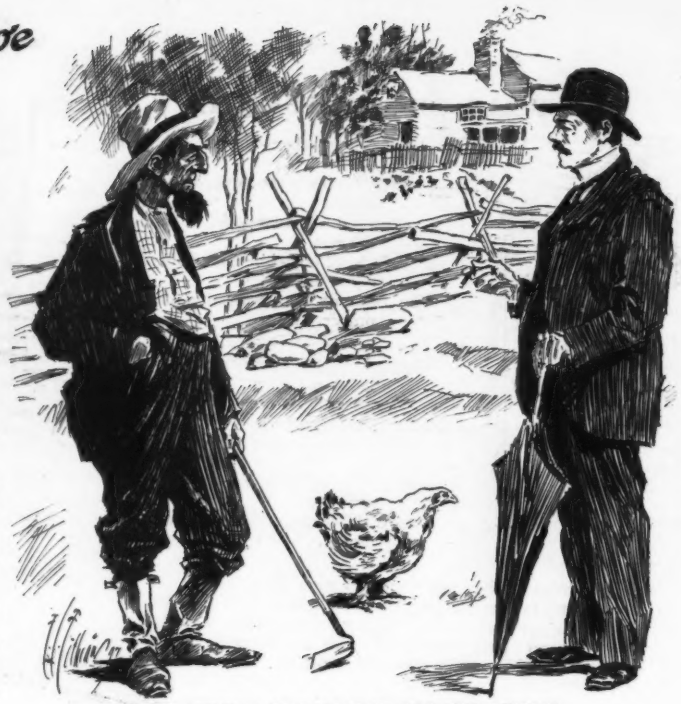
It will be remembered how he once anointed his entire person with metallic roof-paint, which he firmly believed would obviate the necessity of his being bothered with clothing. During the two-months' illness which resulted from this radical attempt to emancipate himself from the thralldom of fashion most of the paint wore off.

A few weeks ago he threw himself into an excessive perspiration while endeavoring to argue the subject of transcendentalism with a stone-deaf gentleman who had never heard of it, and to all appearances died that night of a congestive chill. At the request of his friends, who believed him dead, we gave him a most flattering obituary notice in this paper, little thinking that we should soon be called upon to again perform the same service for him.

The funeral was held on the following day, and just as the officiating clergyman was bringing the sermon to a close the deceased, who lay in his coffin close to the open window, revived sufficiently to overhear two neighbors, who had no thought but that he was safely dead, discussing him with considerable freedom just outside of the window. It was evident that he considered himself criticised a trifle too harshly, for he suddenly sprang from his coffin, wrenched a leg from the chair upon which Deacon Lanks was sitting at the time—thus oversetting the deacon and breaking his collar-bone in two places—leaped through the window and made his traducers hard to catch.

So angry was he at what he considered a gross lack of appreciation upon the part of his townsmen that he announced his determination to live ten years longer out of spite. Accordingly he converted his coffin into a bath-tub by lining it with zinc, and on last Wednesday afternoon he was drowned in the same. Up to the time of this writing he is still dead, and as he was duly and becomingly buried on the day following his demise, we are of the opinion that he is likely to stay so.

TOM P. MORGAN.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CALCULATION.

CUSTOMER—"One dollar and four cents for that hen, eh? Why not let me have her for the even dollar?"

FARMER SHORTCROPS—"I will ef ye wait araound about fifteen minits. Ye see she hain't laid yit, an' fresh aigs er bringin' four cents apiece."

A SURE THING.

MARS—"Hello, old man! Come, have something with me."

MOON—"Thanks. I swore off on New-year's day."

MARS—"Chestnuts! I'll bet you a five you'll be 'full' again in less than a month."

QUITE IRISH.

YOU can afford a race-horse well
If you should feel you need him.
To make a slow horse really fast
You simply must not feed him.

HE WON THE GARMENT.

A MAN carried a pair of pantaloons back to his tailor and said, "I cannot wear these pants. They are tighter than my skin." The tailor said, "I guess not. If you will prove that they are tighter than your skin I will make you a new pair for nothing." The man replied, "I can sit down in my skin, but I cannot in those pantaloons."

THE COMING LEGISLATION.

THE speaker of the Kansas new-woman legislature rose and pounded sternly on the desk with her gavelette. "The bill just offered and withdrawn," she said, "permitting women to wear corsets, however amusing, bespeaks a levity that is out of keeping with the dignity of our high office. I would request that members in future refrain from humorous archaisms that tend to retard routine business." After this momentary digression the house began its most important debate of the session on the question of compelling all male aliens to do away with trousers and whiskers.

"LOOKING AFTER HIS WIFE'S MONEY."

NOT ELIGIBLE.

"WHY didn't you accept him? His heart is in the right place."

"Yes, I know that; but the fellow has a misfit fortune."

FULLY PROTECTED.

FIRST ELECTRIC-LIGHT LINEMAN—"While I was up on that pole near the theatre stage-entrance I could see right into the chorus-girls' dressing-room."

SECOND LINEMAN—"Wasn't you shocked?"

FIRST LINEMAN—"No; I had on me rubber gloves."

REVEREND MOAKLEY MCKOON ON APRIL-FOOL DAY.

THE boys and men in front of Larkin's store had arranged a silver dollar with a string attached with shoemaker's wax for their amusement and the elder's discomfiture; but they yelled "April fool!" too quickly, for he covered the dollar with one of his capacious boots and calmly stooped over and, wiping off the wax, dropped it with a musical plunk into his pocket, remarking, "'April fool,' eh? It would be a dispensation ob providence ef yo' was fools on'y in April; but w'en yo' is fools endurin' ob de whole year roun' de situation loses its previous sagaciousness. Yo' am de group ob statooray dat wraps up coal-ashes in yaller papah ontwell it looks laik a poun' ob tea, or nails down a ole coppah cent an' makes a man break all his fingah-nails tryin' toe dig it up—dat's de kin' ob intelligant popperlace yo' is. Ain' I seen de sugar-cured ham hangin' outside de butchah-sto', wrapped up in yaller cloth an' stuffed wid sawdast, befo'? Now I gwine toe jes' buy me a couple poun's ob boneless codfish an' a extry plug ob 'Gineral Jackson' wid dis yer dollah. Yo' is fools twelve munfs ob de yeah, but yo' on'y break out bad in de spring, laik de measles an' de shingles." And amid the confusion the old gentleman slid out with a satisfied look and the dollar.

T. F. HIGGINS.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

DIME-MUSEUM MANAGER (*angrily*)—"Say! what's all the yelling about here in the dressing-room?"

THE HUMAN KNOT (*apologetically*)—"The human pin-cushion stepped on a tack."

WANTED DIRECTIONS.

DR. ENDE—"There's nothing serious the matter with Patsy, Mrs. Mulcahey. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything."

MRS. MULCAHEY—"Yis, docther; an' will Oi give it t' him befoor or afther his males?"

EVENING CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"The Lightwed divorce-case is coming on this week."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Sad affair!"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Well, why did she hector him so? And I don't think she has any case at all. It's disgraceful for a married woman to leave her husband—and especially for jealousy. Why, do you remember how angry she was that night when he danced so much with *me?* Ridiculous!'

Mr. Hohmboddie—"But suppose I should dance all the evening with some other woman and leave *you* sitting all alone? Do you think you'd like it?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Oh, *you* wouldn't do such a thing."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Yes, but if I did? Wouldn't you be jealous a little bit?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Oh, I couldn't be *jealous*, dear—never! If I thought you cared more for some other woman than you cared for me I'd simply walk out of that door and you'd never see my face again. But I couldn't be *jealous*, dear—oh, no!"

M. S. BRIDGES.

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Mr. Oldboy (soothing baby)—"There, there! I wonder what on earth makes the child cry so?"

Johnny Oldboy—"Well, pa, what else can you expect? He ain't old enough to swear, is he?"

CRITICISM.

Hallroom—"Old Earwig says Miss Peroxide 's a fine pianist."

Topfloor—"Could anything be more absurd? Why, Earwig 's as deaf as a post."

Hallroom—"Yes; but his eyesight 's all right."

A FINANCIER.

Mrs. Crabshaw—"Why have you cut off my pin-money?"

Crabshaw—"You force me to keep Lent every year, so you should be able to save that much out of the household account"

1.

2.

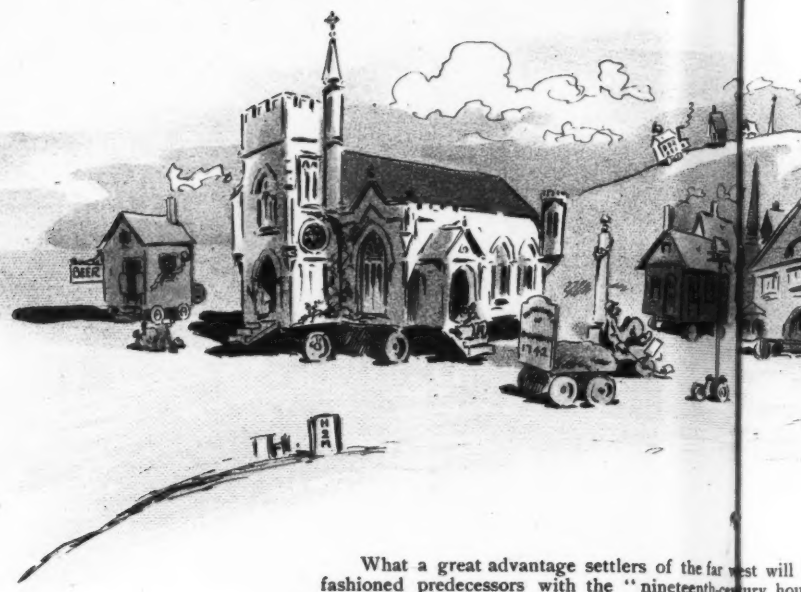
3.

4.

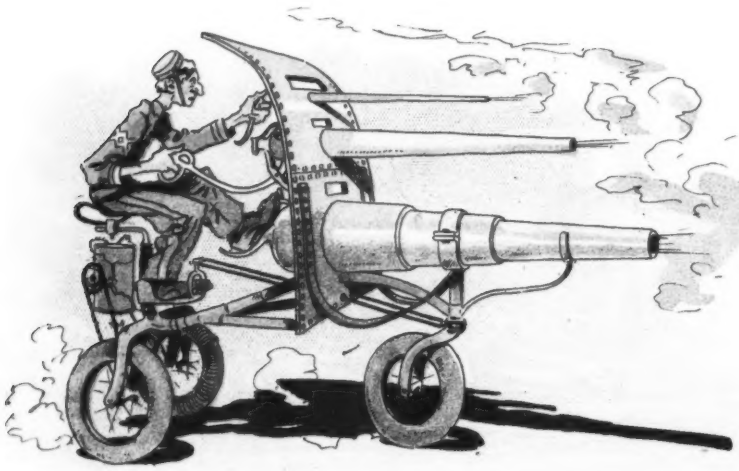
5.

ACCIDENTAL BRAVERY; OR, PROFESSOR TIMID'S FIRST, LAST AND ONLY LION.

The "pneumatic-tired motor-wagon" with "peanut-roasting attachment" will be a great boon to vendors.



What a great advantage settlers of the far west will
fashioned predecessors with the "nineteenth-century hou
ment, if the land fails to pay.



With the modern improvements of the tricycle, warfare on the field will be conducted entirely on this style. The heavy gun-carriage of the present, drawn by *horses*, will be a thing of the past.

To the farmer the worries of haying-time will be unknown with this improvement on the old-fashioned scythe; life on the farm will be one long reign of pleasure.

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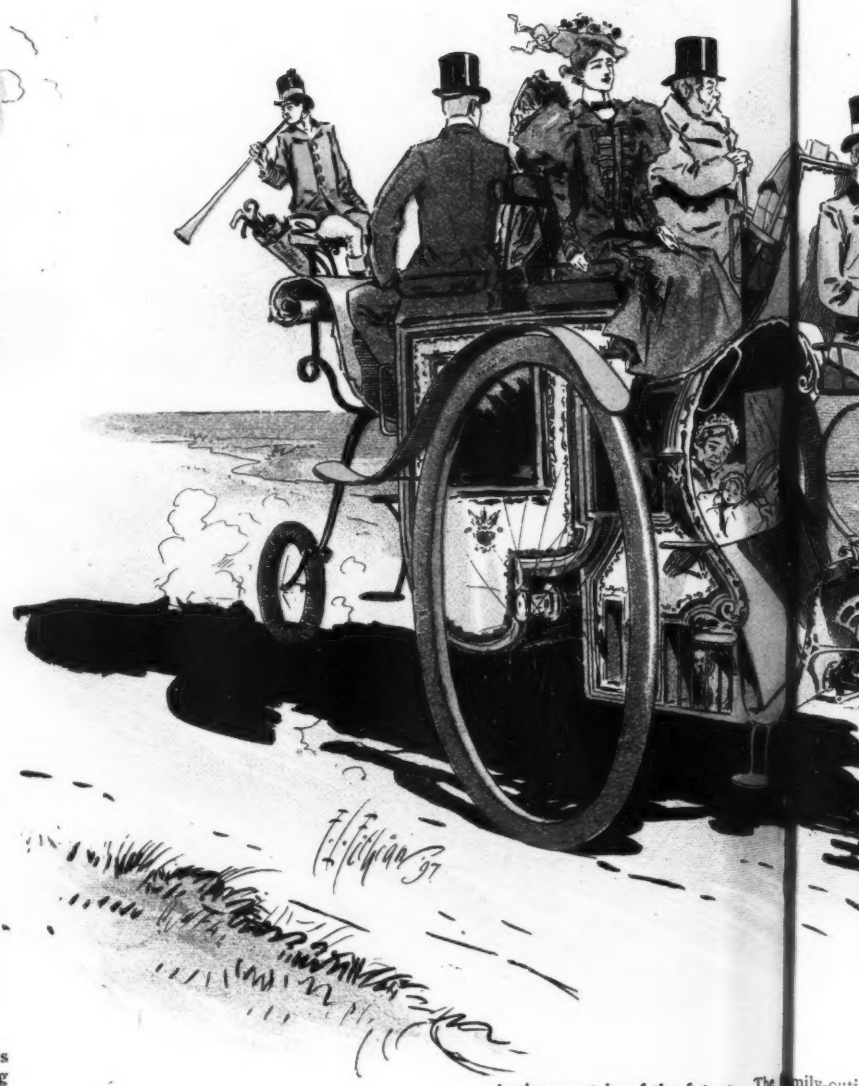
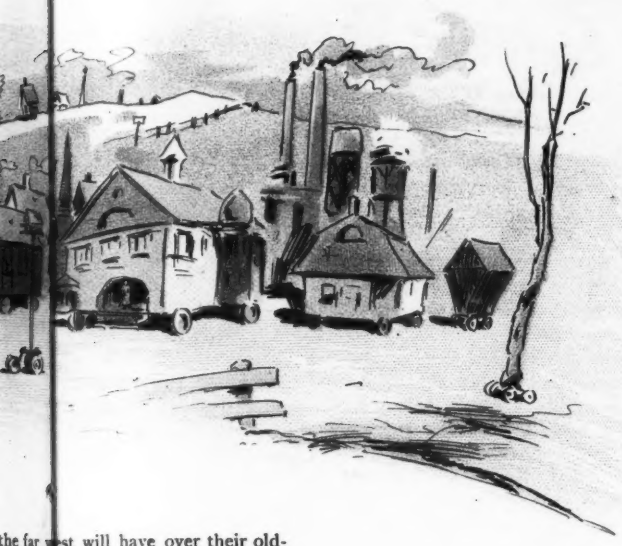
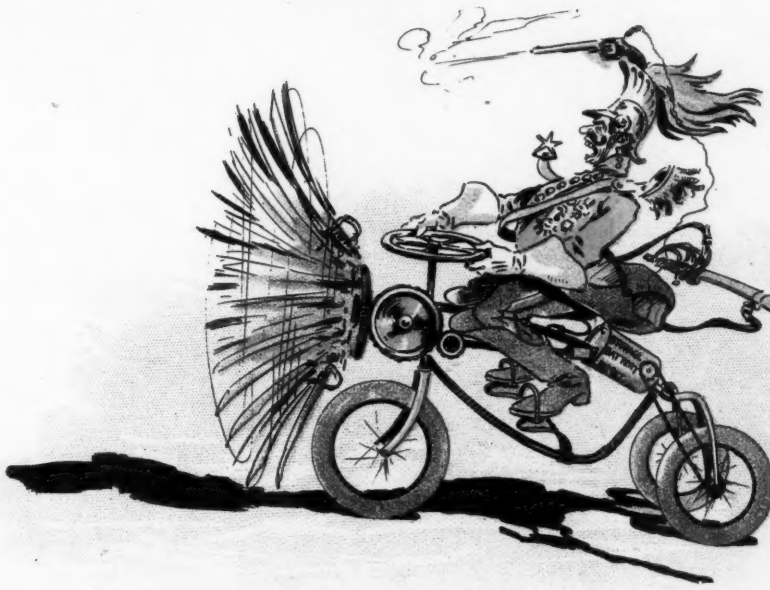


A pleasure-trip of the future. The family-outi
enjoyable one; a change of scenery from seaside
made without the delay caused by inconvenient
changing horses.

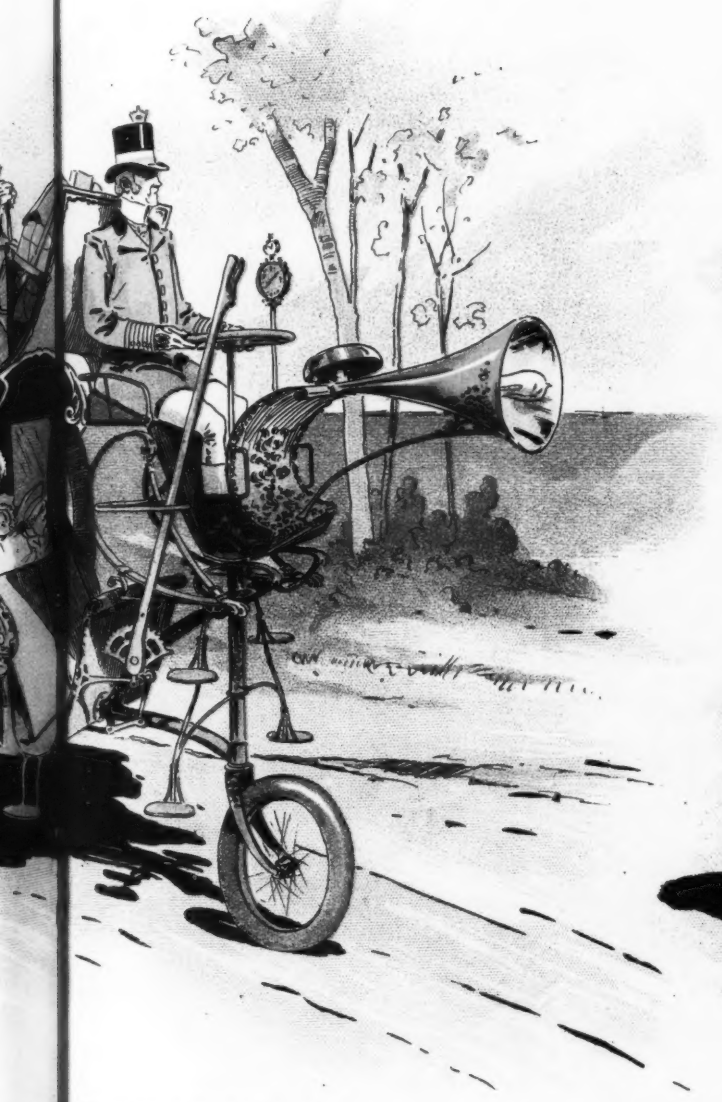


the far west will have over their old-
eenth-century house-moving" attach-

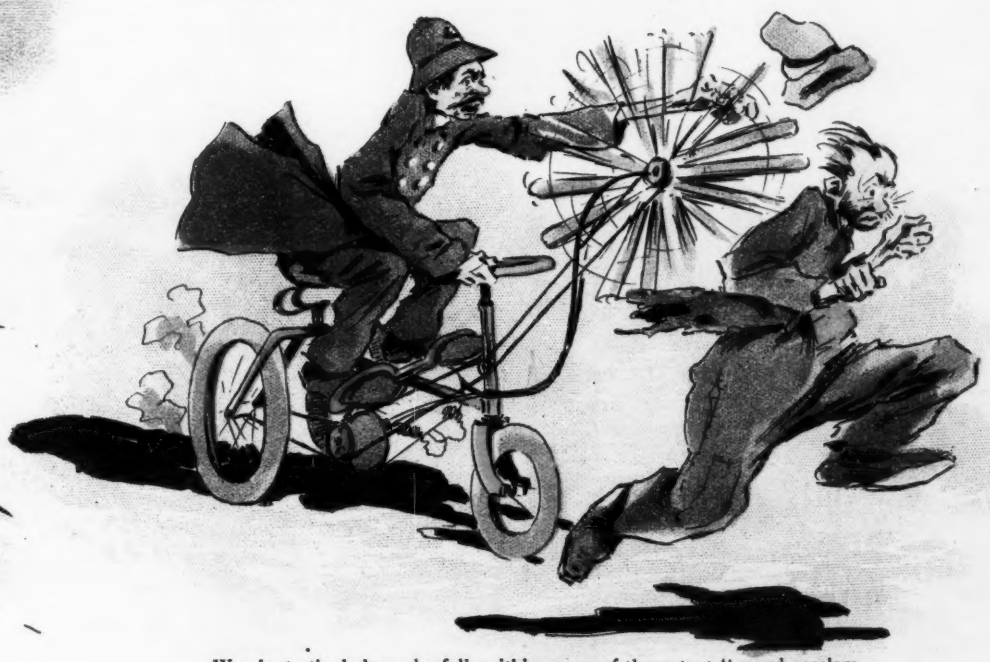
THE HORSE—"Well, it does feel good to have a ride once in a while; this horseless carriage is great."



What marvelous deeds and terrible havoc can be wrought with the wonderful "sword, and helmet revolver." (N.B. JUDGE controls the patent on this invention.)



e. The family-outing of the future will be an
scenery from seaside to the mountains can be
d by incommodious and tedious methods of



Woe be to the hoboe who falls within range of the patent "speed accelerator" with club-attachment for use on "bench-warmers" in Central Park.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. Co. New York.

"'TIS strange how thoughtless people are,"
A man said in a cable-car,
"How careless and how thoughtless," said
The loud man in the cable-car.
And then the man with one lame leg
Said softly, "Pardon me, I beg,
For your valise is on my knee;
It's sore," said he of one lame leg.

II.

A woman then came in with twins
And stumbled o'er the loud man's shins;
And she was tired half to death,
This woman who came in with twins.
And then the man with one lame leg
Said, "Madam, take my seat, I beg."
She sat, with her vociferant twins,
And thanked the man of one lame leg.

III.

"'Tis strange how selfish people are,
They carry boorishness so far;
How selfish, careless, thoughtless," said
The loud man of the cable-car.
A man then with the lung complaint
Grew dizzy and began to faint;
He reeled and swayed from side to side,
This poor man with the lung complaint.

IV.

The woman who came in with twins
Said, "You can hardly keep your pins;
Pray, take my seat." He sat, and thanked
The woman who came in with twins.
The loud man once again began
To curse the selfishness of man;
Our lack of manners he bewailed
With vigor, did this loud, loud man.

V.

But still the loud man kept his seat;
A blind man stumbled o'er his feet;
The loud man preached on selfishness,
And preached and preached, and kept his seat.
The poor man with the lung complaint
Stood up—a brave, heroic saint—
And to the blind man, "Take my seat,"
Said he who had the lung complaint.

VI.

The loud man preached on selfish sins;
The woman who came in with twins,
The poor man with the lung complaint,
Stood, while he preached on selfish sins.
And still the man with one lame leg
Stood there on his imperfect peg
And heard the screed on selfish sins—
This patient man with one lame leg.

VII.

The loud man of the cable-car
Sat still and preached and traveled far.
The blind man spake no word unto
The loud man of the cable-car.
The lame-legged man looked reconciled,
And she with twins her grief beguiled,
The poor man with the lung complaint—
All stood, and sweetly, sadly smiled.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

STOP THIEF!

IT WAS bargain-day in the house-furnishing department of a large shop. Mrs. Lofty stepped in for a bain marie for her chef, and, seeing a pile of feather-dusters marked at a low figure, stopped to look at them. To pursue her investigations more thoroughly she laid her parasol upon the counter and lost herself in examining the price and quality of an intended purchase.

"I will take two of these," she said to the clerk with well-bred hauteur. After giving name and address for sending goods, she gathered her possessions and with her customary queenly poise walked out of the department. At the street door she was stopped by a man with a peremptory manner.

"Madam," he said, "you must go back and account for the feather-duster in your possession."

"Do you mean my parasol, sir?" she said coldly, holding up to her own astonished vision a duster from the bargain-table.

"I am a detective," continued the man, "and I'm used to your class of shop-lifter."

"Shop-lifter!" cried Mrs. Lofty; "why, I'm president of the American woman's society for the suppression of crime."

"They're the worst sort," said the detective, grinning. "You come along and prove that's a parasol you've got in your hand."

HELEN C. CANDEE.

A TERRIBLE DREAM.
"Suffering Isaac! I shust treamed dot mine stock ohf dry goots vas made of asbestos."

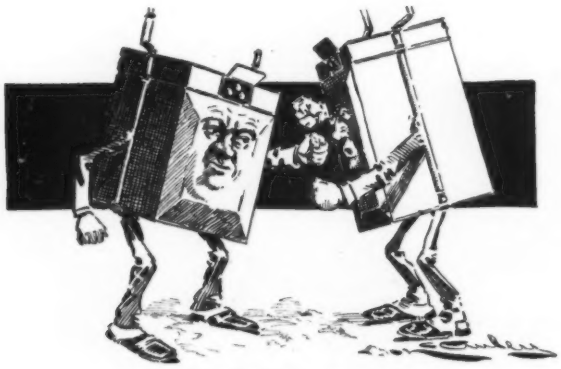
A DEPARTED TRAMP.

THOUGH every kind of labor
He always liked to shirk,
We think that in the future
He'll warm up to his work.

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.

Cora—"Would you like me to give up my music during Lent?"

Merritt—"Oh, I wouldn't say that. But I wouldn't mind if you gave up your music-teacher."



THE TRUTH AT LAST.
FIRST GAS-METER—"You're a liar!"
SECOND GAS-METER—"And you're another."

MRS. JOBBER—"Too bad the new cook spoiled the steak—she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead, dear?"
MR. JOBBER—"All right; call her in."

Visitin' ah as hahd on cloze ez a rain-storm.—Sum fokes make a libin' out'n uddah fokes' curiosity.—Doan' 'buse deceitful people, 'case yo' is one ob dem yo'self.—Life, mah bruddah, am mos'ly made up ob prayin' fo' rain an' den wishin' hit would clear off.—A woman's idea ob de on'y safe way fo' her boy toe go in swimmin' am fo' him toe git religion an' let de preacher dip him.—Fokes soon git too ol' toe enjoy a fairy-story, but dey nebbah gits too ol' toe enjoy a good lub-story, dough hit am a fairy-story ez much ez de one whad has a ghost an' gobblin' in hit.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

Remember a pint of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*, "after a night of it," makes the new day bright.

"Music," said the barber, "is one of my hobbies. You have heard, no doubt, that one or two famous tenors were barbers in the early stages of their careers?" "'M—yes," replied the customer; "I have heard something of the kind." "It is quite true; and I myself have done my share for musical art. I do not wear the laurel myself, but I have helped place it on the brows of other men." "Are you a singing teacher?" "No, sir; but I have compounded a hair-tonic that eclipses every other on the market."—*Washington Star.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

"That Welsh rarebit," said de Ruyter, while a look of reminiscent ecstasy came over his Vandyke beard, "was a poem." But about three o'clock a. m. he and the family doctor concluded it must have been a poster poem.—*Washington Capital.*

How Far have I gone?

THE VEEDER CYCLOMETER

Answers accurately.

Smallest, neatest, and only reliable cyclometer on the market. Weight, 1 oz.

Price, $1.50.

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ABBOTT'S THE ORIGINAL Angostura Bitters.

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Sympathizing friend—"I am awfully sorry to hear that your work was rejected." *Poster artist*—"I don't mind disclosing the secret to you; I know you will keep it. The fact is, I am color-blind by gaslight, and I painted a group of green trees, thinking all the time that I was using pure red."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

HOTEL TRAYMORE,

Atlantic City, N. J. Appointments complete. Location unexcelled. D. S. White, jr., prop'r.

What does the emperor of Germany mean by trying to make trouble over the Greek assault on Crete? Doesn't he remember that his mother is sister to the prince of Wales, who married Alexandra, who is sister to George, who is king of Greece? These family rows are unseemly.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Angostura Bitters is a world-renowned standard article. Beware of imitations. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons are the only manufacturers.

Young man (holding up a string of brook-trout)—"Parson, we've called to present these trout to you." *Parson*—"They are beauties. Thank you, boys; thank you!" *Young man*—"But we should tell you that they were caught yesterday—Sunday." *Parson*—"Ah, well, I'll take them. The fish are not to blame."—*New York Herald.*

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A girl always remembers a thing by what dress she wore when it happened.—Some women seem to think a man ought to purr when he's comfortable, like a cat.—It's always the things we're not to blame for doing that we're sorriest about afterward.—*New York Press.*

Great Vanishing Half Dollar Trick.

Secret & complete apparatus for performing it sent postpaid for 10c. Cat. of Tricks, Wigs & Novelties, free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport N. Y.

History made LIBERTY BELL honored and loved. Sweetness and purity of tone have made THE NEW DEPARTURE BICYCLE BELLS THE widely known and universally appreciated.

"Just hear dem bells, Dey's ringing everywhere."

THEY HAVE A TONE THAT'S ALL THEIR OWN.

34 STYLES

FREE SOUVENIR BOOKLET upon application.

The acme of excellence—The ideal of perfection—NEW DEPARTURE BELL CO. No. 14 Main St. Bristol, Conn.

"Pshaw! you don't know nuthin'," said little Tommy Toodlemacker scornfully. "There never was a man with a blue beard." "Well," said Susie Heffelfinger, "my papa knows a man with lilac whiskers; so now!"—*Washington Times.*

Mrs. O'Toole—"Yez betther be moighty careful av yer hilth these days, Dinnis." *Mr. O'Toole*—"An' phwy are yez thot considtherate?" *Mrs. O'Toole*—"Oi do be raydin' thot th' proice av coffins hov gone up grately. We can't affoord any doyin' these toimes, me lad."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the world

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

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These Cocktails are made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. The proportions being accurate, they will always be found uniform.

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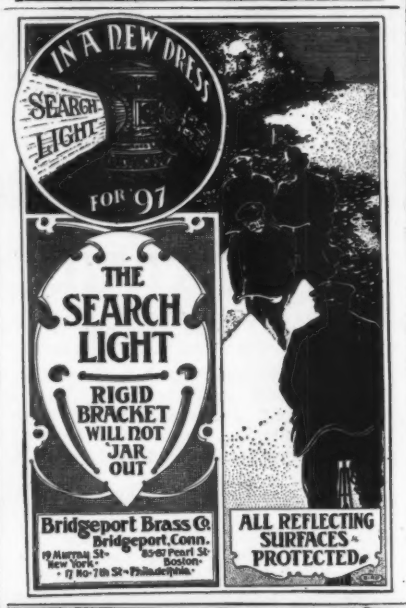

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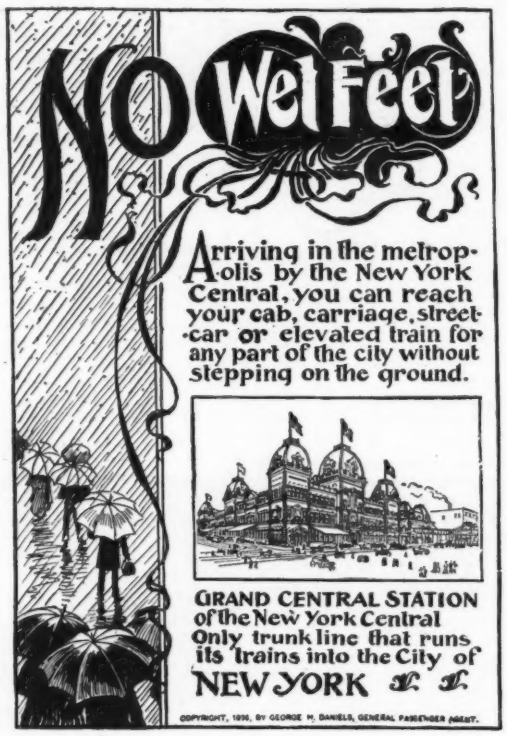

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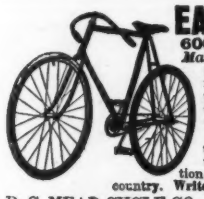
Go west, young man, and grow tough with Nevada.—*Kansas City Journal.*



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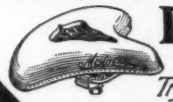

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Scene on overland express, Kansas frontier. *Trainman* (throwing open car-door)—"Kansas City! Ladies will please remove their corsets. Inspectors will board the train as soon as we cross the river."—*Rochester Herald.*

"This," said the school friend who had not seen her for a year; "this is the girl who vowed to me that she never would belong to any man, eh?" "I don't," said she who had been married the matter of some few months or so. "He belongs to me"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE.

Will send free Book of Particulars how to cure "Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit" with or without the knowledge of the patient. Address Dr. J. W. Haines, No. 439 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

She had removed her hat temporarily, merely to adjust one of the ornaments. "What magnificent silky hair she has!" audibly observed the man in the rear. And she was so pleased that she held her hat in her lap until the fall of the final curtain. Such is the force of diplomacy.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The great New York piano house of Sohmer & Co. has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding. The head of the firm, Mr. Hugo Sohmer, is a man of rare business capacity and judgment, and the success of Sohmer & Co. has largely been through his determination to construct pianos of the highest merit. "Built on honor" can be truthfully said of Sohmer pianos. Long live the reliable firm of Sohmer & Co.!

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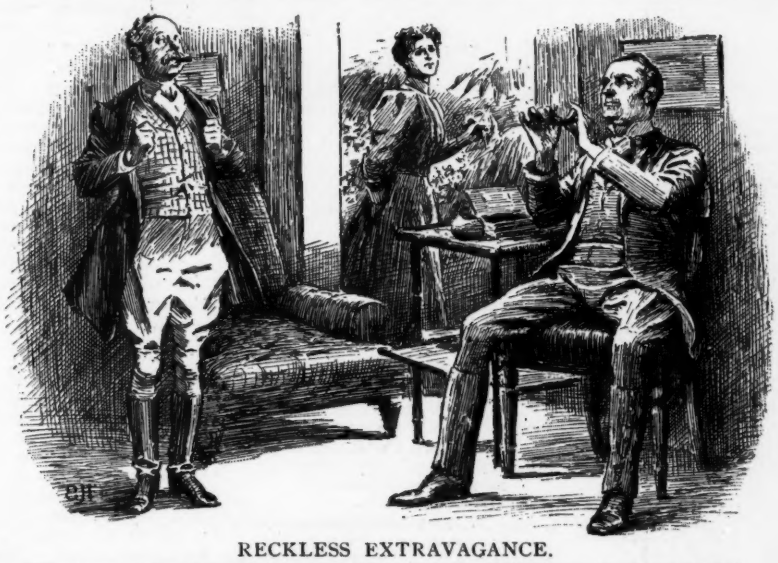

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—*Punch.*

Every package of this popular dentifrice contains:
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He—"Why are you so sad, darling?" *She*—"I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till to-morrow."—*Comic Cuts.*

"GIVE IT TUH-ME!"

No matter what it was
The little children had to share,
This naughty boy must have the most,
Or claim it "wasn't fair."
Instead of asking for an apple,
As a little boy should,
To his mamma he just hollered,
"Give it tuh-me!" and she would.

She knew that she had spoiled him,
And his papa called him "bad";
So one day she planned and thought
she'd try
A little scheme she had.
"I will see if I can't teach him
To be a little man
And not holler
'Give it tuh-me!' if I can."

He thought she had some candy
When she came home from the store.
He had some in his pocket.
But the "greedy" wanted more.
It was a little hickory switch
Beneath her jacket hid;
But he hollered,
"Give it tuh-me!" and—she—did!
—*Kansas City Star.*

No great man ever had time to play checkers in the middle of the day.—*Atchison Globe.*

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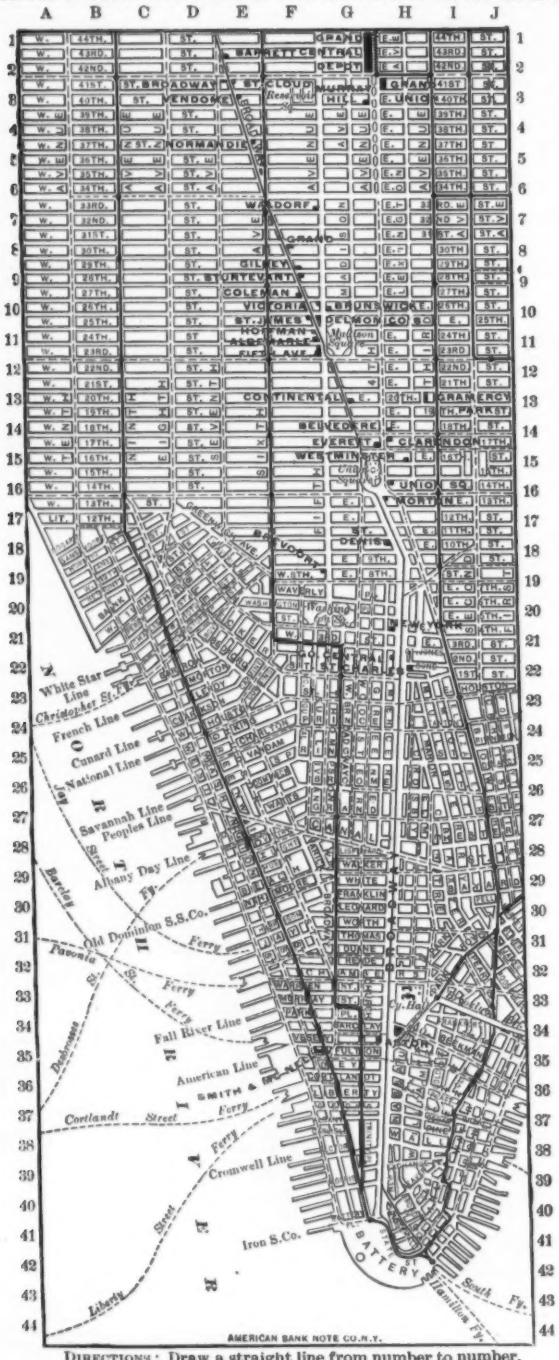


DIRECTIONS: Draw a straight line from number to number, and a perpendicular line from letter on top.

ATHLETICS.—Physical Culture.
PROFESSOR ATTILA,
42 West 28th St.....F-9

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.
JUDGE,
110 Fifth Ave.....F-16

CASH REGISTER EXCHANGE.
F. BRAININ, Prop., 124 E. 14th St.,
opp. Academy of Music.....E-16

DRY GOODS.—Com. Merchants.
SMITH, HOGG & GARDNER,
115 & 117 Worth St.....F-30
LAWRENCE & CO.,
24 & 26 Thomas St.....G-30
WENDELL, FAY & CO.,
82 & 84 Worth St.....H-31
WHEELWRIGHT, ELDREDGE & CO.,
61 & 63 Worth St., cor. Church..G-30
GARNER & CO.,
2 to 16 Worth St.....F-31

DRY GOODS.—Importers and Jobbers.
TEFFT, WELLER & CO.,
326-330 Broadway.....G-31

FISHING TACKLE.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
18 Vesey Street.....E-34

FRENCH RESTAURANTS.
BOEUF A LA MODE (the artists' headquarters), 112 W. 25th St....F-10

HARNESS MANUFACTURER.
CHARLES F. ASCHENBACH,
65 Murray St., cor. W. B'way...F-33

INSURANCE.—Life.
PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
Home Office, 29 Broadway.....

LAUNDERERS.
GARDNER & VAIL, 773 Broadway.
(Branches, 177 B'w'y-27 Liberty S t.)E-1

MUSIC and REGINA MUSIC BOXES.
A. WOLFF, Lincoln Building,
14th St. and Union Sq., West....G-13

ORCHESTRIONS.
M. WELTE & SONS (Patentees Pneumatic System), 49 W. 30th St.....F-9

RAILROAD COMPANIES.
N. Y., ONT. and WESTERN RY. CO.,
56 Beaver Street.....

SILK.—Manufacturers.
CHENEY BROTHERS,
477 Broome Street.....F-26

SPICES and SALAD DRESSINGS.
E. R. DURKEE & CO.,
135, 137 & 139 Water St.....I-37

SUSPENDERS and NECKWEAR. Crown Make.
C. BLOOMBERG & CO.,
841 Broadway, cor. 13th St.....H-17

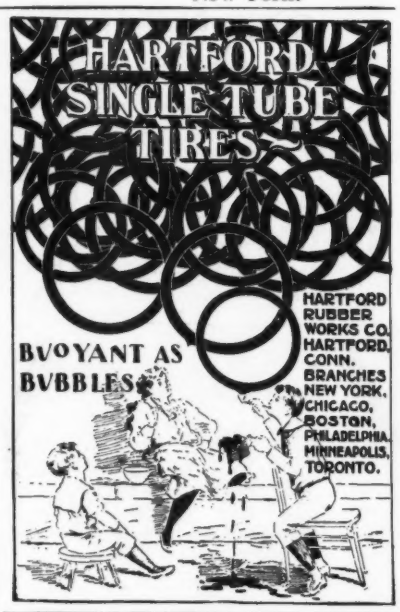
"Brooks," said Rivers, "did you ever think what a grand figure Admiral Farragut must have been at the battle of Mobile bay?" "Farragut? He was one of the greatest naval heroes the world ever saw. To have seen him in that battle, Rivers"—— "Yes," interposed Rivers; "and how different his conduct was from that of a third cousin of mine who committed suicide a few years ago from love of a girl who had jilted him!" "What has that got to do with Farragut?" "Nothing; except that one was lashed to the mast and the other was mashed to the last."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The schoolboy was endeavoring to make one or two things clear to his father. "You see," he said, "it's just this way. Every time Willie Jones gets into a fight he gets licked, but he goes around telling every one that he licked the other fellow, and so he gets the reputation of being a pretty good fighter." The old gentleman nodded to show that he understood. "And that's why we call him 'General Weyler,'" added the boy.—*Chicago Post.*

Lying in wait for the dusky Umpegoogi maiden, whose charms had captivated his manly heart, the savage child of nature swatted her one with a slab of rock and bore her off across his shoulder. Opening her eyes at last to the situation, her fond heart yielded. "Mwptkyi," she twittered, "you are just simply stunning."—*New York Press.*

"My wife was rather worried when I left her this morning." "What was the trouble?" "Well, she had been worrying about something or other last night, and this morning she couldn't remember what it was."—*New York Tribune.*

The heavy lady—"It is strange that we always think of wings as attached to the angels, isn't it?" *The soubrette*—"Oh, I don't know. We always think of angels as being attached to the wings, you know."—*Exchange.*



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When a man slips he always stops to look at the place where he slipped.—*Atchison Globe.*

Deserted wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)—"And I trusted him so!" *Grocer*—"Confound it! so did I."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Is the sail the only thing that guides a ship?" asked the green passenger. "No," said the mate; "there are rudders."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Betrothed, beery and bathotic, he was boasting. "I'm engaged to marry the sweetest little woman in the world," he said. "She has only one fault." "What's that?" inquired his sympathetic friend. "She's far too good for me."—*Buffalo Express.*

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Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS Chocolate

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The little maiden had a French nurse of whom she was very fond and who supplied her with most of her amusement. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge didn't know what to do with herself. She wandered about the house, up stairs and down, into the garden and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with the baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saving dejectedly, "Nobody loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat bugs. I ate free yes'day—two smoove ones and one woolly one"—*Washington Capital.*

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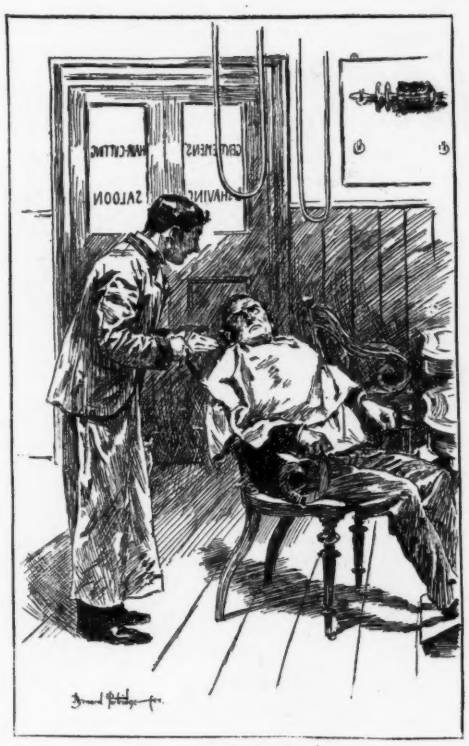

A DAMPER.

CHATTY BARBER—"'Ow would you like to be shaved, sir?"
GRUMPY CUSTOMER—"In perfect silence, please."

—*Punch.*

Free to Every Man.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

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